

BX

8495

.C6175M3



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

[FORCE COLLECTION.]

*Chap.* BX 8495

*Shelf.* C6175 M3

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



















A Voice from the Ocean:

SERMON,

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1842,

TO THE MEMORY OF

REV. GEORGE G. COOKMAN,

BY JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

---

WASHINGTON:

PRINTED BY PETER FORCE,

1842.

BX 8495  
.C6175M3

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1842,  
By MRS. MARY COOKMAN,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Columbia.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

MRS. MARY COOKMAN,

BY JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.





## SERMON.

---

WRITE, BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD FROM HENCEFORTH! YEA,  
SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABORS; AND THEIR WORKS DO  
FOLLOW THEM.

REV. xiv: 13.

THE ocean and the land are the wide theatres of human action. They both, in their external features so essentially diverse, bear the impress of the same Almighty hand. They obey different laws, yet both are eloquent of God their maker—are obedient to his will, and monuments of his creating and preserving power.

The one, in calm, is an unruffled mirror spreading its wide bosom to gleam in the sunbeams, to reflect the moon and stars, and the white feathery clouds of the summer or autumnal atmosphere; the other hath its mountains lifted in solitary grandeur into the region of clouds and the misty "*brew of the storm.*" With ribs of iron and peaks of adamant, these mountain ranges assume the form of immense chains, girding half a continent in their titanic embrace, controlling climate and winds, stern dictators of heat and cold, the sources of the ancient rivers, and the inexhaustible kingdom of the gems and metals. At their broad bases, repose the cities and nations of the earth. From their glacier summits, the seas and oceans can be descried in the far distance, like molten lakes of silver.

In storm, the ocean hath its mountains. The glass of the great mirror breaks up, and a voice swells from its

unfathomable and sunless caverns, unlike and more terrible than the sounds of earth—deeper than the mountain roar, and wilder than the cry of torture from the tempest-torn forests. “The voice of many waters” stuns nature to breathless silence. When the frantic winds lash the wide seas into foam, then the bellowings of the deep would silence the mighty thunderings of the storm, or the cannon roar of battle.

The land hath its devastating storms—its deluges—its tornadoes—and its still more fearful earthquakes.

How happy for man, that the footsteps of God are both upon the land and the sea! The arms of His providence are wide enough to hold both in secure embrace. “Were I to take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me.”

Danger dwells in the amplitude of the great sea. Its majesty compensates not for its fatality. Man rarely commits himself to its troubled bosom without a longing, lingering look behind—an affectionate and tearful good-night to his native land, as it melts into, and fades away in the blue distance.

It is most remarkable that in the Revelator’s description of the new heaven and the new earth, he uses these emphatic words: “*And there was no more sea.*” In the new earth, this element of grandeur and terror will no more be found. Its void will be supplied by the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb.

There will be no more ocean in a world where “*there shall be no more curse.*”

Why have I thus descanted on the phenomena of ocean and of land? It is but putting the back ground to a moral picture, and arranging the elemental theatre on



which the lamented **COOKMAN**, the chief subject of my theme, made his entrance, and, alas, his exit !

**REV. GEORGE GRIMSTON COOKMAN**, was born in Hull, England, in the year 1800. He was eldest of eight children, seven of whom were sons ; and of all, two only now remain to mourn over the fate of their elder brother. His reverend father, still living, is one of the local clergymen of the Great Wesleyan Church, in the faith of which he educated the subject of my discourse.

His earliest indications of genius were exhibited in public addresses, principally on Sabbath school and kindred occasions, in which his ardor, and the depth of his feeling, awakened a strange interest in the minds of his auditors, and many were the prophecies among his acquaintances that he would rise to future eminence in some public capacity.

When he was eighteen years of age, the death of a friend solemnized his buoyant spirit, and his religious impressions settled down into the newness of the Christian life, and high spiritual enjoyment.

He immediately connected himself with the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and walked in purity and holiness within the prescribed limits of its rules, to the time of his death.

Born and educated in the midst of religious revolution, when the latter day Gospel trumpets were summoning Christianity to the great missionary enterprise, it is not wonderful, that the ardent and high-minded Cookman was deeply imbued with the missionary spirit.

In one of his published speeches I find a remarkable narration, which would almost point out the spot and the hour when he received a baptism for the holy work of the ministry.

On a bright and beautiful summer evening in 1821,

three young gentlemen stood on the tomb of Wesley's father in Epworth church-yard. The venerable piles of the parish church rose above their heads, and at a little distance was the site of the parsonage in which Wesley was born. In this hour of hallowed inspiration, one of the three solemnly exclaimed, "May the spirit of Wesley descend upon us."

In a few months each of these young gentlemen were preachers of the everlasting Gospel; one in England, one in Canada: the other was Cookman.

In this same year, 1821, young Cookman first crossed the Atlantic on mercantile business, in which he was connected with his father, and here, in the field of his future labors and triumphs, in the city of Schenectady, New-York, he received that Spirit-call to the ministry, which none who hear and disobey can hope for prosperity and contentment in other pursuits. He returned to England, became a local preacher, and still continued fettered with his mercantile pursuits for four years. His ardent mind was not satisfied with his position; the cares of earth corroded the brilliancy of his affections, and he pined in confinement and restraint of trade, as one exiled from a loved native clime. His father saw and felt his mental sufferings, and was the first to say, "George, you must go." Furnishing him with means of support, and an excellent library, the venerable father took leave of his son, who reached the city of Philadelphia in the year 1825. The next year he became a member of the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the year following, 1827, returned to England, and was united in marriage to the amiable and affectionate lady who still survives him, Miss Mary Barton, of Doncaster, in Yorkshire. In a little more than a month after this propitious era in his life, he was walking the streets of Phila-

delphia, with the chosen of his heart upon his arm, and the wide fields of the American ministry, already white unto HARVEST ALL AROUND HIM. I briefly sketch his stations of labor. In 1827, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; 1828, New-Brunswick, New-Jersey; 1829, Eastern Shore of Maryland; 1830 and 1831, the city of Philadelphia; 1832, Newark, New-Jersey. In 1834, he was transferred to the Baltimore Conference, and appointed to the city. His next station was in Carlisle, Pennsylvania; and his next the city of Washington, in which, and in Alexandria adjacent, he spent the remainder of his earthly labors.

He was twice elected to the chaplaincy of the Congress of the United States. The echoes of his loved voice still seem to linger amidst these columns; and I sometimes start, as if the drowsy reverberations were bringing them back again in the fresh vigor of their power!

What was the character of his mind, the style of his eloquence, the secret of his ministerial success?

In answer, the departed and lamented Cookman will speak for himself. Enough of his brief memorials remain to supply the tests of the analysis of his mind, far better than those wordy panegyrics where the writer or speaker, in showing up the virtues of the dead, would seem more intent on self-emblazonry; dressing the banks of a rivulet of tears with gaudy and flaunting flowers of language!

His anniversary speeches before the various religious associations and societies of benevolence show his character, and from them shall I seek proofs of all I say of him, as a *man*, a *Christian*, and an *orator for God*!

*I mourn him, but I praise him not. To God the praise be given!*



HE WAS A MAN OF MOVEMENT, A SPIRIT OF ENERGY AND ACTION.

"Let us," said he, "like the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, read our Bible and pray twice a day in each of the tents. And now, let us to the field of action. May the God of battles give the victory, and the trembling gates of hell shall shake to their centre."

He said, at one time, "I see the lofty bulwarks of Paganism, flanked by the batteries of Heathen philosophy, and entrenched by the prejudices of four thousand years; and I see beneath the simple Apostle, a solitary man, indeed, but not a man of worldly calculation; no, sir! a man of faith! and he calmly moves on to the attack, bearing in his hand the conductor or lightning-rod of Divine truth; he points it against the rampart, *and lifting up his voice, he cries, Help, God of Israel, help!* and God answers by fire; the lightnings flash, and the whole bulwark is dashed to a thousand pieces."

"The cry of the Christian missionary," said he, "*is onward!* Like the great Athenian commander, he burns the ships behind him, he draws the sword, and throws away the scabbard, and inscribing on his banners 'victory or death,' he rushes into the breach, and victoriously scales the loftiest battlement of the enemy's strong hold!"

*This action—military energy—the forward charge, and the huzza of a conflict,* were traits in Cookman's mind, strong and fully developed. I have sustained them from his own *beau ideal* of Christian character.

HIS POWERS OF PERCEPTION AND COMPARISON GREATLY EXCEEDED HIS POWERS OF IMAGINATION.

The imagination travels into unknown worlds, or becomes the creator of new worlds, whence she brings her fused gold, melted down in the volcanic crucible of in-

vention, and her pearly silver, fretted with fancy's frost work. Perception and comparison discover the real imagery of the world about us, and apply their points of coincidence with the corresponding ones of moral or religious movement. Not one of Cookman's figures of speech, or comparisons, in which he so much delighted, were ever brought from the unreal world. His art lay in selecting the well known and *real* to illustrate the *theoretical*, the *moral*, and the *intangible*.

Thus, when he saw, by his powers of perception, all the churches and religious denominations of Christendom united in the great work of disseminating the scriptures, his powers of comparison successfully seized upon the strong figure of the military organization of an army, prepared for battle.

On another eminent occasion he compared Methodism to a ship built at the Foundry, city of London, under the direction of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley. A missionary vessel carrying letters of marque—not a mere coaster, but destined to circumnavigate the globe—and *Coke* and *Asberry* admirals of the ship.

He compared the cold and low state of religion in the English church one hundred years ago, to flickering embers of an expiring fire in an ancient cathedral, with lofty isles and vaulted roof. The brisk sprightly Wesley enters and begins to stir up the fire; Fletcher approaches with an armful of faggots, and throws them on the brightening flame. With eager steps the bluff and portly Whitefield comes, and he begins to blow, and the flame kindles, towers, warms, and illumines the whole church.

Thus, by his own evidence, his comparisons, in which he so much abounded, came not from the realms of the imagination, but from sober scenes of reality, in which fancy or fiction had no part.

HE HAD ALL THE DEVOTION OF THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE DEEP PLANTED IN HIS HEART OF HEARTS.

Hear him: "What were the old apostles but heads of a missionary college? Themselves graduates under Jesus Christ, the great Teacher of the church. Heaven-taught, Heaven inspired men! They were linguists without a lexicon, and preachers without a book. They had the thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn. These were missionaries of the right stamp. Men full of the Holy Ghost. Hearts of flesh—decision of steel—souls of fire."

HIS MIND WAS AS FREE FROM BIGOTRY AS THE GUSHING SUNBURSTS OF HEAVEN.

In his military figure of the sacramental Host, he represents bigotry as an *old, wicked, withered, and decrepid spy*; and warns each department of the army against his wiles. He gives it in charge to the *cavalry*, to cut him off; he gives him to the *bayonets* of the infantry, to *drowning* by the lake and river guards, and his *wizzard body* to burial by the Quakers, in deep and solemn silence.

His heart was too big for the narrow inclosures of sectarianism. He was too warm and ardent a lover of human nature to love it only under one of the many religious phases of the world. Every servant of his Divine Master was his brother, let his garb be what it might, and his formulas of worship expressed in however different words. He was of those who breathe free in the nobility of their generous feelings—men for whom the councils of the inquisition could have no use, except for victims—and the wrath of such would have been borne with the sternness and endurance of a nature that "knew its rights, and knowing would maintain."



HIS MIND WAS MORE AFFILIATED WITH THE STIRRING, STERN, HEROIC IN ACTION, AND WITH THE FORCIBLE, SUBLIME AND GRAND IN NATURE, THAN WITH THE SOFT, TENDER AND BEAUTIFUL.

This is known by his attachment to figures of military movement, and to those of strength, boldness, or terrible in nature. In this spirit, he says of the lone and stern men of the woods: "I love the Indian character in its original and unadulterated grandeur; it is the noblest form of the natural man on the face of the earth. The Indian is cast in the very poetry of nature. Strong and impetuous he is as the cataract that thunders down Niagara; free as the mountain eagle that screams above his native rocks, or as the deer that range through his measureless forests."

By a singular coincidence with the scenery of the element on which he went out to return no more, he was most happy in descriptions of *storm*, and in *sea sketches*. Most admirable and graphic was he in a favorite sermon on the passage of Israel through the disparted waves of the Red sea. Speaking of this characteristic of his genius, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States used these words: "From the ocean he drew much of his richest imagery." A Senator, distinguished for his eloquence, and who was himself fond of illustrations from the same source, after hearing Mr. Cookman, observed: "*He has discouraged me in the use of my happiest figures. There is such a RICHNESS, beauty, and force* in his illustrations from the ocean, so far surpassing my reach that I know not that I shall ever attempt to use them again."

HE WAS FIRM AND UNCHANGEABLE IN HIS AFFECTIONS.

Of this assertion, I have the concurrent testimony of hundreds of living witnesses. He is gone—dead—beyond the influence of either praise or blame from man; and yet it is most astonishing how living and fresh is the affection now cherished for his memory, his fame, and all that concerns him, in the metropolitan, and other cities of our land. Such affection, by a law of our nature, could have been called into action only by a corresponding affection in him. Love ever begets love.

With a heart bursting with emotion, he thus gave utterance, on a public occasion, to the strength and durability of his affection, towards the amiable and sainted Doctor Samuel Baker, of Baltimore. “May my poor heart pay this last tribute of fond affection to the memory of him who was the first friend I made in this city; whose hospitable roof was the first home I found, and in whose society I have spent many a precious hour. The ornament of his profession, a burning and shining light, a pillar in God’s house, he wiped away the orphan’s falling tear, and comforted the widow’s broken heart.”

AS A MINISTER OF THE EVERLASTING GOD, HE WAS ACCESSIBLE IN HIS INTERCOURSE WITH ALL CLASSES OF PEOPLE, ARDENT IN HIS CHRISTIAN TEMPERAMENT, SINCERE, GRAPHIC AND POWERFUL IN HIS PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

In person Mr. Cookman was slender, and about the medium height, without any remarkable, or strikingly expressive features. His forehead was not expansive, nor his head large, yet his eye was penetrating, and his mouth delicately chiseled, showed the outlines of acuteness and decision. This unobtrusive style of person and features is frequently no small advantage to the minister who would keep himself behind his subject, and hide from sight in the magnitude and interest of this theme.

His nervous and active mind perpetually stirred him to action. Spending the morning hour, when attached to Congress, in prayer and religious conversation with distinguished senators, the next hour would find him in some of the homes of want and sickness, in the outskirts of the metropolis; and such was the life and interest which his clear views and vigorous style of conversation imparted, that no one ever became tired of his company. Every parting with him gave birth to an intense wish for another meeting, as if something had been left unsaid, or some chord of sympathy, touched by his hand, would again vibrate into tuneful thought, under the mastery of his mind.

If ever a minister of Jesus in this metropolis made the great end of both *conversation* and *preaching* the advancement of practical religion, that man was Cookman.

He needs no mural monument at the Capitol, rising into the blue heavens, and glittering with the tears of ocean, to perpetuate his name, while thousands of living monuments to his worth and piety walk these avenues and cherish his image among the household gods of memory!

The churches of the city of Washington and Alexandria, and indeed wherever he was stationed, under his ministrations flourished in moral verdure. Religion and benevolent effort went hand in hand. Christian character became elevated as "the noblest style of man." The salt of Divine Grace was cast into the highest fountains of social life, as well as the lowest, and the image of religion, amidst the statues in the Capitol, dedicated to honor and patriotism, was not nameless like that in the Athenian Capitol dedicated to "*the unknown God*."

In his training for the pulpit, and the great work of Divinity, in which he spent his brief life, he illustrates his



own views of ministerial and missionary qualifications, as he expressed them on public occasions. The minister which his graphic pencil sketched bore the strong likeness of a man of God: He was the trumpet of the Lord to the nations—a lion's heart—an eagle's wing—a serpent's wisdom—a practical man rather than a theorist—formed in the schools of the world, rather than in the schools of philosophy—a body inured to labor, a mind prompt to decide—good common sense, rather than physical acumen—better at resolving a case of conscience, than a problem in Euclid.

Unite these substantial and varied qualifications to a nervous temperament and a stirring and dramatic eloquence, and you have made **COOKMAN**!

Referring again to the sentiments of the honorable and distinguished jurist, whose pen ornaments whatever it touches, in regard to the style and themes of Cookman's religious and pulpit exercises, I add, that no meretricious qualities of eloquence would have won so much upon the public mind as did Cookman's. He was listened to by the learned and the unlearned—profoundest statesmen, jurists, and orators: and all heard him with solemn and increasing respect, crowding the Hall of Representatives during his two years of chaplaincy, in storm and sunshine, with large and most attentive audiences. They heard him with an interest that never wearied. As large a crowd attended the delivery of his *last sermon* before Congress, as any one previous; and still the unsated multitude would have longer hung upon the farewell accents of that parting sermon.

In the reading of the hymns and chapters at the commencement of his services, the power and vividness of his mind were discovered, even by the mere stranger. The minutest meaning would stand out in new and striking

relief. His reading was a commentary, and the old became new and startling as he read. His text once named, he descanted upon it with as much vigor and directness as the monarch bird shoots from its cloud-capt aerie upon its quarry. Disdaining dainty or feeble approaches, he seized the subject at once, and was soon deep in its illustration—not so much by argument, as by his unsurpassed power of comparison, calling to his aid his peculiar figures of energy and life.

His themes were, the *mercy of God*—the *hand-writing on the wall*—*Paul amidst the philosophical Pantheists of Athens*—*human accountability*—the *launching of the ship of death*, and every other striking and prominent topic in the whole circle of pastoral divinity, through the multitudinous variations of which he was sustained by his own sincere convictions of eternal truth—his manner giving evidence of his own firm belief in what he preached to others. The humble gains, in a worldly view, of the work of the ministry furnish strong presumptive evidence of the deep sincerity of a minister of strong powers of mind, and impressive eloquence. For mental power and thrilling eloquence, there are many fields upon which wealth, power, and distinction may be honorably accumulated, at a less outlay of study, self-denial, and the heart-weariness of moral despondency, than the gospel field of action presents.

I approach a *crisis* in my theme, from which I would most gladly have been spared.

The great American heart was throbbing with deep pulsations of joy. Thousands, as far as the eye could fathom the distance, were crowding into the Capitol. A President of seventeen millions of people, invoking the mantle of Washington to fall upon him, was about to ascend the elective throne of freemen, to execute the pub-

lic will. Nor came he unattended with banner, pennon, shout, and song, borne along by, and swelling up from millions.

The steamship President, in the harbor of New-York, had her signals of departure for the shores of Europe fluttering in the breeze. Alas! at the end of one short month, where were both?

At the end of one short month, the pilot of the nation was smitten at the helm of the ship of state. His nerveless hand no longer had power over the rudder: it was cold in death! Sorrow mantled every shroud in sable. The sails flapped heavily against the yards and masts, and wooed no breeze of delight, cheerily dancing over the dark waters. The dirge was the only melancholy music that wailed to the listening sea!

Where was the steamship President? As a sea-bird, whose track upon the shore the shifting sands obliterate, she had gone forth, and left no track upon the waters. Her proud form had vanished in the blue distance, from the eyes of one continent—her stripes and stars had not emerged from the ocean, upon another!

Let me not anticipate. In the midst of this stir, the immensity of this popular gathering—the lamented Cookman rose here, and stood where I now stand, to preach his *last* sermon to the twenty-fifth Congress, the day before its adjournment.

The words of his text were:

*And I saw a great white throne, and Him that set on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.*



*And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them ; and they were judged, every man, according to their works.*

WHAT A THEME FOR HIS LAST !

At the close of his sermon, he humbly thanked God, and poured forth his gratitude for the respect which had been paid to the gospel, by the attendance in this hall of so many distinguished strangers. He propounded to each of his hearers, for the *last time*, questions of serious import :

“ Traveller to eternity ! whither goest thou ? Art thou in the pursuit of science ? Art thou in the pursuit of fame ? Art thou in the pursuit of *happiness* ? An increase of knowledge will give thee no increase of happiness ! The foundation of the column of fame is the earth—that earth which will one day reel to and fro like a drunken man, and pass away forever. Seeker for happiness in the bowers of pleasure ! I tell you there is a serpent there which will sting you to death.”

The last words of his which ever rung through this hall, and reverberated back from its arching dome, were : “ Perhaps it is the last time that I shall ever address you, or that we shall ever meet upon the earth. I go to my native land to receive the blessings of an aged father, and to drop a tear upon the grave of a sainted mother.”

The sweet echo of a sentiment so filial and tender lingered a moment amidst the architraves of these surrounding columns—then rose, and mingled with the symphonies of the better land !

I pass hastily by, with averted face, his farewell scene with his dear, accomplished, and affectionate family. My hand trembles too much to lift the rosy veil from love’s holiest shrine of privacy and purity. The last long kiss was the mingling of soul with soul—no bliss on earth be-



yond—all happiness on earth, except the pardoning love of Jesus, exceeding !

The *ship* ! the *ship* !

The bustle and hurrying to and fro of a departure on a sea voyage to a distant land, leave much for solemn reflection when once launched upon the great deep, surrounded by an ocean solitude—a wide waste of waters.

Then come back the farewells again, and we feed upon them—all bitter or sweet as they may be—as memory's chosen food, eaten in secret, in the dear sacrament of parted love. These are the pearls of soul which the mindful and affectionate voyager garners more choicely than the gold and the bills of exchange, or letters of credit, so needful to him in another country. Rich ! rich in these jewels of the heart, went forth Cookman on his last voyage.

Not thrust out from the glorious land Columbus discovered was he—a fugitive from a country sacred to freedom's holiest cause ; but he went, with all the wealth of his fine intellect, his high consideration among the magnates of the land, and the priceless love of the angel of his bosom—a love that sprang up in Albion's sea-girt isle, but ripened to its clustering and abundant richness beneath brighter skies and under more ardent suns.

Amidst huzza, and shout, and the waving of a thousand signals of affection, the steamship weighs her anchor !

I see the gallant bark, in her majestic course, dashing proudly on, ploughing up the phosphorescent fires which leap and flash from every crested wave ! On—on—over the trackless waste, but as unerringly guided by the power of science as though she coursed within a beaten track. The last dim shore recedes. Night comes on. A solitary light peers through the distant gloom—nearer and

nearer. It is the last beacon light that warns the ocean traveller from the treacherous reef; now farther and farther behind, and the last work of man on the western hemisphere fades forever from the view.

What a still, vast solitude ! Immensity is not less comprehensible than the emotions which it excites ! Morning again, and returning night, lighted up with its myriad stars. Night and morning—morning and night—and no change ! Though rushing wildly on, the noble voyager seems to stand upon a single point of time—the centre of a shoreless illimitable circle !

Proud as is the movement of a steamship upon the ocean-wave, and as fearlessly as it dashes from her prow the feathery spray, going with the gale, or holding on her way in the wind's eye—roaring forth her voice of power over the waves—still is she an object of terror ; still is she cradled upon treacherous deeps—holding in her own bosom the elements of a more dreadful and volcanic doom—an explosive death—to the fearfulness of which the lowest deeps of the Atlantic were as downy beds of repose !

As the steamer President swept on and on, the sullen icebergs, gendered in arctic seas, came down like a buoyant fleet of mountains. They lifted their pale, cold peaks into equatorial suns, and scarcely relented under their blaze. Strong chill winds swept over the sounding seas. Clouds, inky as night, lay mountainous in heaven. The old seamen knew that a storm was at hand. Such voices full oft have moaned over the deep, and full oft to seaman bold have night and storm shut down together, and no morning to him or his gallant bark hath ever lifted the veil.

Nor, dear ascended Cookman, can I lift the veil that shrouds from mortal eye the mode and circumstance of

thy last moment of earth and first of heaven ! Was it an awful crash amidst the ice mountains at drear midnight—a sudden plunge “with bubbling groan?” Was it the bursting roar of the explosive forces of steam, rending that strong ship into shapeless splinters; and driving his giant hull downward amidst the Naiad grottoes and coral mountains? Was it fire, waving the red flag of ruin, amidst the fearfulness of gale, and storm, and night, three elements combining—wind, wave, and flame—to make destruction thrice sure?

All that man, with all his bravery and skill could do, was done. The winding sheet of ocean at once envelops hundreds of mortal forms, and none survive to bring back a message from the dead.

Yet there was time for the devoted and warm-hearted Cookman, even in the brief moment of his going down, to take a rapid survey of his ministry in this Capitol—of the forms of some who sit here now—of his final rewards in a better world. So active is the mind in that inevitable moment—so swift it leaps from continent to continent, from time and its scenes to their consequences in eternity, from friend to friend, from earth to the Lord of Lords and King of Kings!

There was *one* not forgotten in this brief moment of death. It was her he could never forget—whose dear image was on his bosom by night and by day—whose whispered love was his treasure—whose heart all his own.

Do I violate the unity of my picture of sacred affection, when I represent his mind, now roused to the putting forth of the fullest of its immortal powers, resting the last and the tenderest on the wife of his bosom? No! it is in keeping with sanctified nature; and stronger than the tempest's force, was the rush heavenward of that



farewell prayer, committing the widow and the orphans to a better Keeper, and entailing upon them the everlasting legacy of a father's faith.

I cannot, forgive me, I cannot look steadily at the bereavement of the lover and the wife. Her sickness of hope deferred—her gentle chidings of the post, that will bring no tidings of the President, and of her loved. I cannot put into the form of words those dear dreams of union, coming in sleep to wile away the sorrows of absence—kisses of love, seemingly given from afar, yet sweet as the breath of the honey-suckles, redolent of all that is fragrant in memory.

Dear gentle being! look not tearfully out upon the great sea—nor turn pale when the sound of the storm is terrible on earth and on water. Chide not the ships, returning and returning without any tidings of the lost. Thy LOVE is at REST!

How sweet and untroubled his last sleep! However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, as if his resting place, instead of being a bed of down, shall be a bed of gravel, the bosom of the ocean, or the rocky pavement of a tomb. No matter where the poor remains of man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed; the sorrowing bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountains, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation unheeded sweep over the place of their graves. Let armies or navies engage over the very bosom of the dead, not one of the sleepers hear the stirring triumph, or respond to the rending shouts of victory.

How quiet these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth, or in the deep sea! The voice of



thunder shall not awaken them; the loud cry of the elements, the wind, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chamber of death. They shall rest securely through ages; empires shall rise and fall; the bright millenium shall come and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought; and then a silver voice, at first scarce heard, shall rise to tempest tone, and penetrate the depths of ocean and the solid earth—for the archangel trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise.

To a sympathizing and affectionate friend, Mrs. Cookman recently said: *I cannot realize that Mr. Cookman is dead. I cannot associate him with the guardian spirits that gather about our altar and home. I cannot hear his voice in the chorus of angels when we sing our morning and evening hymn.*

Let not this sweet day-dream of hope and life ever depart. She closed not his dying eyes, nor kissed cold lips that could not kiss back again. She did not see him die, and, therefore, the separation is still but absence. And when both are in the spirit-world, it will be seen how surprisingly near to each other they have been all the while; that it was not distance, only dull sense that caused the separation.

A voice from the the ocean reaches my ears. It is the mandate of the Spirit, saying unto me, "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

This voice husheth every fear, and puts terror itself to silence. It lights up the caverns of ocean with rainbows of glory, and makes the grave of the just, even down in its fathomless deeps, sweet and peaceful, and holy.

No drear, and strange, and terrible scenery in my mind, invests the place of his sepulchre. Element has returned to element, if not dust to dust. His ocean grave is as much rest from his labors; as if he were in the marble tomb, or beneath the grass and flowers of some quiet vale. If the birds do not sing in the coral branches that may twine around his grotto, yet the great hymn of ocean rolls far above him—the worship of nature to its Creator. The sighing harp of soft winds, and even the roar and thunder of tempest, would come down to him like gentle voices, moanings of nature—quiet cradle songs, to rock the earth-wearied to his eternal rest.

Not his *eternal* rest! Oh no! I have a better chart of the sea—a better history of all it contains, than that. *Even there he is blessed*, having died in the Lord—and even there his works of piety and love have followed him—but that is not his final home.

The angel, with the rainbow tiara around his head, clothed with a cloud, his face radiant as the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire, shall descend, and shall place his right foot upon the sea and his left foot on the earth, and lifting up his hand to Heaven, with his lion voice he shall swear by Him that liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer. Then the sea shall give up its dead.

Then shall Cookman come forth, beautiful and fresh, as from a baptism in the fountain of immortal youth. No trace of tempest, or terror of the deep, shall be on his brow—no stain of the sea—no pallor of watery death.

A celestial smile as rich as glory-tinted ocean's sunset blush, shall be upon his features, showing that he hath rested well beneath dreary billows—that the morning of the resurrection has found him, not at the painful post of duty, but ready to enter upon the haven of his reward.

Now his ship has reached the haven. The lost President comes to light. The mystery of the fated vessel now clears up, and a tenderer love than that of earth irradiates the doom that made so many mourners for a while on earth.

*"Sweet are the uses of adversity,"*—and sweeter still the rewards that follow good works—following man after his frail body shall have been stricken down and buried beneath an incumbent ocean's waves—following him where mortal eye can no longer define his form and give him local habitation and a name—following him far up the climes of glory, until, reaching the summit of reward, he receives the plaudit of *"WELL DONE,"* from lips that utter in one word the thrilling joys of an eternity of bliss.

There, sainted friend, hast thou a better blessing than that of an aged earthly father, and thou hast no tear left to drop upon the grave of a sainted mother. There thou hast found that mother. The grave holds her not. The spirit-world is full of thy friends. All, not now there, are coming—some by one way, and some by another—but every one will be there, and chiefly HIM of whom prophet and seer foretold—the first fruits of the grave redeemed to immortal life.

Here let me reflect upon the interminable consequences of earthly actions—how seed, sown in sorrow and tears upon earth, springs up in golden exuberance in Heaven, and forms those everlasting bowers under which the redeemed immortals repose. Now Cookman reaps the rewards of his midnight visits in this city to the homes of poverty and sickness—standing, like a pure and sweet angel of mercy, side by side with the unseen angel of death, soothing the pangs inflicted upon poor suffering mortality, and ever and anon lifting the dim eye to where the cross of Jesus points beyond the valley of the shadow



of death. Each tender and sympathizing look—each poured out melting prayer—the alms bestowed in secret—the mellow voice of consolation uttered in tones of child-like simplicity, leaving comfort and peace to many a stricken bosom—the solicitous and brother-like advice—the sterner reproof, when the scorner mocked the Author of his being—the mighty struggle in prayer for a world's salvation—the wrestle of his own mind in hours of besetment, doubt, and despondency—all have followed him as a part of his blessedness in death. How wealthy are they who lay up treasures for the world to come !

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, says the voice of the Spirit. What a glorious hope haloes Cookman's resting place ! He was blest in life, blest while going down to his ocean grave, and still is he blest ! The dead have not to wait for their blessing until their dust shall come to life again. While *dead* they are blessed. No intermediate state of somnolency holds the spirit in its insensible embrace. The life of the soul laughs at the death of the body, and can only be affected by the *second death*, that dread destruction of both soul and body in hell.

That the lamented Cookman was fully prepared for death, in precisely the shape in which it met him, would appear from expressions, almost prophetic, that dropped from his lips when bidding friend after friend farewell—now remembered by them, and treasured up as tokens of his memory.

Such expressions of the pure-minded and the good, darkly foreshadowing their approaching death, are justly ranked among the phenomena of mind, as they never seem to be coupled with any special fear or terror, and very rarely ever deter from the enterprise in contemplation. They are deep words of meaning that pass the



lips; but the promptings are from that world of spirits where the issues of life and death are fully known.

Rev. Mr. Cookman was under an engagement to preach, a few evenings before his embarkation to Europe, in one of the churches of Philadelphia, once the field of his labor. He was not present at the hour of divine service, and another preacher filled the desk. At the commencement of the sermon Mr. Cookman entered the church. At its close he rose in his seat and briefly stated the cause of his detention. After a most eloquent description of the sea, on whose faithless bosom he was about to commit himself, he bade adieu to the church and congregation, and then made use of these remarkable words: "And now, dear brethren and sisters, farewell! It is likely we may never meet again—*more than probable* that the sea-weed will be my shroud, and the coral rocks my pillow."

As the poet of nature and of England says over one of his heroes, so would I say over the Christian hero: "*Cookman sleeps well.*" The wear and tear of life are over. The strong agony of soul, that pants for the salvation of others, and that grieves over sin as a malady, leading the young, the fair, the inestimable, to interminable woe, presses no more upon his heart. All care is over. Probation has ceased. The curtain of eternity has fallen upon the first act of his existence—the next scene opens in Heaven!

Dear ascended friend—at rest now and in glory—thou canst not feel again "how sharper than a serpent's tooth" it is to have a thankless, ungrateful friend, whose words of cruelty and cold-frozen formality, rule, discipline, perhaps, shall be as goads of thorn, piercing to the quick, wounding only for agony's sake, and for the purpose of exercising authority over a noble and generous heart. So

like some of the theological Neroes, who would, for the racks, whips, and dungeons of the inquisition, substitute the keener tortures of mental suffering!

Dear spirit! DETRACTION cannot reach thy golden bowers of repose. The serpent ENVY can never creep into the flowers of bliss that spring up beneath thy winged feet. The frost of SCORN shall blight no fruit of thine. Thou art at REST, my brother!

Laboring for Christ and for souls on land, and dying at sea, the monument I would rear to Cookman's memory should rest both on land and ocean. Its base should be the Christian virtues, and sweet charity for a corner stone. Its shaft should be the Christian graces, polished and resplendent with the oil of sacred eloquence. Its capital should be the Christian's reward; and from its summit angels should ascend and descend upon it, as on Jacob's visioned ladder. The inscription should be: *Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*

Let me not be thought enthusiastic. I have my warrant for all I shall say of the glory into which our friend and brother has ascended.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Not to those ocean depths and caverns went that bright spirit down to remain. There were those at hand to receive him, as soon as the poor perishing body, parted from the soul, sank like lead into the deep waters. Perhaps the messenger angel may have come in that nautical shape so pleasant to his imagination, and in keeping with the wide expanse of sea, from which he drew many of his brightest figures of holy rhetoric.

The chariot of fire and horses of fire bore, hundreds of years ago, one of the emancipated from earth to heaven; why not the ship of glory be commissioned to bear our worthy and eloquent brother and friend to a better home than the one he sought?

Scarce heard amidst the war of elements, the President is engulfed in the seething waters! But see! the spirit-ship swings gracefully into the whirlpool, and glides upon the torn and frantic ocean. Her sides are burnished gold. The water-drops are like pearls upon it. The decks are inlaid with precious stones. The tall and taper masts are ivory, and the graceful sails, like wings, woo the upper airs of heaven, and make low-toned music, as ten thousand wind-harps, melting to ecstasy in summer eve zephyrs!

The commander is He who walked the waters. The navigators are beings not of earth. The storm gladdens under their eyes of beauty. They hold the winds with silken reins. An anchor falls where the President went down—the life-boat lowers, and one after another are taken on board, serene and unharmed—not pale, shrinking and terrified, as the moment before they sank in the death struggles of an earthly ship.

What loud huzza rings through the ship of glory, bursting from the crowded shrouds and spars, and echoed back from round-tops and gallant mast? **COOKMAN** comes, he steps on board, greeted by a rejoicing crew—not aliens and foreigners to his disembodied spirit. Heavenly music rings fore and aft, and cheer succeeds cheer, while the glittering anchor is weighed, and the region of storm and death left far in the wake, forever!

Voyager of immortality, look not now dubiously out over the element on which thy bark of glory floats. It grows purer and purer. Not a vapor curls over its placid



bosom. It never engendered the storm, and the heaving of its waves are but the pulsations of eternal love.

Thy voyage hath the speed of thought. A mighty headland heaves in sight—a mountain, vast as creation's base, meets the view—the towers of the new Jerusalem, the city of the living God, crown its summit! Here all is calm and wondrous beauty. The glory of all lands has flowed to this **BETTER LAND**. Here are thousands, thou minister of **JESUS**, whom thou hast been instrumental in fitting for such beatitude. They have come up from thy Sabbath schools, from thy church classes, from thy altars, surrounded with kneeling penitents, and from thy crowded and tearful congregations! All are here; and that dear and blessed mother, for whom thou hast not a tear left—nought left but the long, deep, burning kiss of reunion in blessedness!

The bark of glory nears that emerald shore. It is already in the haven of eternal rest. My eyes ache under the pure vision of such beauty. Forms, too glorious for the sight of man, crowd, rank after rank and order above order, from port to city gate; and the song of salvation rolls up from a multitude which no man can number, saying, "**BLESSING AND HONOR, AND GLORY AND POWER, BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOREVER AND EVER!**"

Dear voyager of time, thou hast reached the haven of eternity! My eyes can no longer follow thee—farewell! I wave my snow-white signal of adieu, wet, indeed, with tears, but more of the tears of joy than the tears of sorrow! *Farewell! Farewell!*



## DIRGE.

AIR—*Federal Street.\**

*In memory of the death of the Rev. GEORGE G. COOKMAN, who was lost  
in the President steamship, in the year 1841.*

By REV. J. N. MAFFITT.

Beneath the sounding ocean wave,  
With sea-weed shroud and coral bed,  
Our friend and brother made his grave,  
And pillowed there his weary head.

The storm howled madly on the sea,  
The clouds their thunder anthems sang,  
And billows rolling fearfully  
In concert with the whirlwinds rang.

There was no storm in Cookman's soul;  
Faith was his anchor, reaching where  
Tempestuous oceans never roll,  
And show no wrecks of navies there.

Through phosphorescent crest of flame  
He saw by faith upon the deep,  
Him, who to sinking Peter came,  
And hushed the mad wild sea to sleep.

Faith lighted up the Naiad caves,  
With forms of beauty and delight,  
And rainbows bent beneath the waves  
To gild his grave with hues of light.

Not there! not there forever more  
Shall sainted Cookman make his bed;  
The judgment angel's trumpet roar  
Shall force the sea to yield its dead.

More beautiful than beauty's Queen,  
Born of the fabled ocean foam;  
Purer than mortal eye hath seen,  
Shall Cookman rise to Heaven, his home.

His sea-born coral harp shall ring  
With David's highest note of praise,  
And listening angels fold the wing  
To hear redemption's sweetest lays.

\* Sung at the Capitol by the Wesley Chapel choir.

















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 517 261 0